

IN AND  
OUT THE  
GARDEN  
GATE

MANCHESTER

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IN AND OUT  
THE  
GARDEN GATE

RAYMOND E. MANCHESTER

*Author of*

The Trail of the Indoor Outer,  
Home and School Idea in Education, etc.

COLLEGIATE PRESS  
MENASHA, WIS.



To

*Mary Jane, Betty, and  
Grandpa Kennedy*



## ROBIN RED-BREAST

Little Robin Redbreast  
Hopping along;  
Looking for worms  
Before her next song.

Hop along, listen!  
Hop along, stop!  
Pull out a long one,  
Then,  
Hop along, Hop.

## MISTER ANGLEWORM

Look at lazy Angleworm  
Sprawling on the walk;  
Wonder what he'd say to me  
If a worm could talk!

Prob'ly say, "The sand is fine;  
Better than the clay."  
Probably say, "Those crazy birds  
Make me hump all day."

Prob'ly say, "I do not care  
For fishing, as a rule;  
Too much time to meditate;  
Soaking in a pool."

Prob'ly say, "Well, good-bye, Sir;  
Have to dust along;  
Robin always makes me squirm  
When she starts her song."

## MAKE-BELIEVE

Today we played at make-believe  
And grandpa was the baby.  
Mother was the little girl,  
And I, a great big lady.

We had a lunch of ginger-bread  
And poured our "pretend" tea.  
I passed the plate to mother,  
Then, she passed it back to me.

## MARY'S PRAYER

Mary went to early church  
On a winter's day,  
Put her penny in the box,  
And held her hands to pray.

“God Bless Grandpa, God Bless Dad,  
God bless all the sick.  
God bless all the suffering souls  
In Arithmetic.”

## MORNING

When the 'larm clock starts a-ringing  
Daddy covers up his head;  
But the birds all start a-singing  
And the sun jumps out of bed.

## MY BROTHER

Doctor came today at four,  
And hurried in at our front door.  
'Most every other person knocks,  
But he just walked in with his box.  
I had to go out-doors to play,  
And nurse told me to stay away.  
But I ran home to see my mother,  
And there beside her was a brother.  
He had the cutest little toes  
And little wrinkles on his nose,  
But had an awful reddy face  
From being in the doctor's case.

## THE LITTLE GRAY ELF

A little gray Elf went out for his health  
In a beautiful pea-green boat;  
And wore, for a hat, the ear of a rat  
And a June-bug's wing for a coat.

He had dined on snails and humming-  
birds' tails  
And soon was deep in a dream,  
As he slept in the breeze from the cucum-  
ber trees,  
On a sky-blue pink sun-beam.

But a black cloud came with a pail-full of  
rain  
Just when our tale should begin,  
And down went the boat and the June-  
bug coat  
When a wet rain-drop fell in.

## BED-TIME

My Daddy reads me stories  
Of what the Fairies said.  
I climb in his lap  
For a short little nap  
And wake up tucked in bed.

## MY SURPRISE

When it was Sand-Man time last night,  
And mother had me tucked in tight,  
She said, "Now if you shut your eyes,  
I think you'll find a big surprise."

So when awake I looked to see  
What mother's big surprise could be.  
And sure enough, as she had said,  
I found some Measles in my bed.

## BABY'S SECRET

Little Miss Sober-Sides,  
Looking so wise:  
What are you seeing  
With your big eyes?

What are you thinking of?  
Why do you stare?  
Tell us your secret,  
Baby, so fair.

Tell us, dear baby,  
There on your cot,  
The sweet things you know  
That mother does not.

## THE HIRED MAN

The hired man is awful thin,  
And I wish you could see,  
The elevator in his neck,  
Go up and down with tea.

## MY KITE

Isn't it fun to run with a kite,  
Feeling the wind make it sail:  
Then to watch it nodding at you;  
Wagging its funny tail?

Isn't it fun to give it a jerk  
And watch it dive about:  
Isn't it fun to wind it in  
And then let more string out?

## THE TEACHER

Today the teacher talked an hour  
About the moral will:  
His lower jaw went up and down;  
His upper one was still.

## MUD PIES

Have you made pies of sand and mud  
'Til you were told to stop:  
Then put them out upon a stick,  
'Til they were dry on top?

If you have never made such pies  
And baked them in the sun,  
Suppose you start this very day  
And see if it isn't fun.

## MY PLATE

There's a bird with yellow feathers  
Painted on my dinner plate:  
And I wonder if it wanted  
All the good things that I ate.

## THE GRASSHOPPER

The grasshopper hops and hops and hops  
Wherever he wants to go;  
And chews tobacco all day long,—  
He does, for he told me so.

## GOING TO BED

When I am washed and prayers are said,  
And mother says, "Now go to bed,"  
I always think of quite a few  
More pleasant things I'd like to do.

## THE WREN

A wren sat  
On a clothesline post,  
And said, "I think  
    What I'd like most  
Is just a house  
    With a door so small  
No Jay could stop  
    To make a call."

## WEATHER

Sometimes it thunders without rain;  
Sometimes it snows in May:  
Sometimes the hail-stones rattle down  
On some bright sunny day.  
But of the things that happen so  
The strangest thing of all,  
Is when it rains down angleworms  
Upon the garden wall.

## FOR DAD

Have you yet lived on some short street,  
Where walks re-echo running feet;  
Where pavement holds a game of ball  
And walls send back a boy's shrill call?

Have you yet lived on this highway,  
Where life is young with happy play  
And hoped you might, by tongue or pen,  
Preach childhood's creed to other men?

## FOR MOTHER

Doctors, healers, medicine-men;  
Seers from Zanazee;  
Roots and balms from jungle fen  
Or juice from camphour tree!

None has yet the potent drug  
To bring the perfect bliss,  
That comes from Mother's gentle hug  
And Mother's healing kiss.

## COASTING

I tell you, there's a hill I know,  
And you should see the way we go.  
The pusher-off just takes a run  
And then, O Gee, but we have fun.

The snow blows, zip, into our faces,  
And 'most takes us from our places.  
If I'm big enough to steer,  
I'll surely have some fun next year.

## THE ZOOLOGIC MAN

Here's a little rooster, there's a little hen;  
Over on the post-top, sits a little wren:

Here's a bunny rabbit, there's a yellow cat;  
I'm a zoologic man with a leather hat.

## A CATERPILLAR

A caterpillar crawled  
Upon my bed,  
And when he came  
I hid my head.  
He may not do  
A mite of harm:  
He may be friendly  
On the farm:  
He may be fine,  
But I don't care  
For any friend  
With so much hair.

## THE CELLAR MAN

There's a man who cleans our cellar  
Who calls parasol, "Umbreller."

If I cry he says, "Don't beller,  
Be a good, brave, little feller."

## THE BLISS OF A KISS

Just think of the bliss,  
That comes of a kiss,  
From a dear little Miss,  
About Four.

And make it your plan  
To find, if you can,  
A happier man  
At the door,

Than the one who gets this  
Most heavenly kiss,  
From a dear little Miss  
About Four.

## A BOY'S CHRISTMAS WISHES

I pray for good weather, to Heaven above,  
And wish for my Grandma ten barrels  
of love.

I wish for my daddy a dozen big piles  
Of pleasant, "Good-Mornings", and sweet  
happy smiles.

I ask for my sister, a million good wishes  
For she is the one who must wash all the  
dishes.

I hope I may save my Mother some  
stitches  
And want for myself, a pair of new  
"britches."

## APRIL EVENING

A robin in the garden:—  
The sun is big and red.  
My mother sings  
Of birds and things  
And I go to sleep in my bed.

## FERG AND WIFE

At six feet four, Ferg ceased to grow;  
His wife is four feet six, or so;  
But logic fails sometimes at that  
For both their hearts are amply fat.  
And so it was one pleasant day,  
A little girl came there to stay.  
The neighbors near, all had a fit,  
And that's the long and short of it.

## IN WINTER

I think it fun in Winter  
When it snows and blows outside,  
For then my Daddy plays at horse  
And takes me for a ride.

My mother cuts out dollies  
And she makes them paper clothes;  
While grandpa builds me castles  
Out of blocks and dominoes.

## THE MAGIC MAN

Today I saw a magic man  
Take rabbits from a hat,  
And take a quarter from his nose  
And all such things as that.  
But our old hen can do as well;  
She knows some magic too;  
She does one trick I'd like to see  
That man of magic do.  
She climbs into her nest of straw  
And sits down on her leg;  
Then winks and says, "Cluck-adle-oo,"  
And there's a shiny egg.

## MY GRANDPA

I have a gray-haired Grandpa,  
And although his eyes are dim  
There's no one in the world I like  
As well as I like him.

He wakes me in the morning  
With a, "Hello Snoop-en-dyke",  
And puts his head in at the door  
To ask me who I like.

He helps me button on my shoes  
With mother's buttonhook,  
Then fastens up my stockings  
While I read my bunny book.

Sometimes he brings me candy canes  
Or chewing gum to chew,  
And when it is my birthday  
Then he brings me toys, too.

He always mends my dollies  
And he never does play rough;  
So, I think that I shall marry him  
When I grow big enough.

## THE ROAD

The road, so wide and full of folks  
Goes on without an end;  
As far as I can look or see  
There isn't any bend.  
Someday when I am big enough;  
When I'm about thirteen  
I'll walk upon it 'round the world  
And everywhere between.

## LITTLE SISTER

Come, little sister,  
Do not cry:  
Dad must work  
So do not sigh.  
Do not pout,  
Or fret, or fuss:  
He will soon  
Come back to us.  
He likes us best  
When we behave,  
So, little sister,  
Just be brave.

## WHEN I AM BIG

When I am big I'll go to work  
And have a dinner pail:  
And when the auto doesn't start,  
I'll say, "Just twist 'er tail."

## THE CIRCUS PARADE

A big toot-toot,  
And a funny clown;  
A lady in  
A gorgeous gown;  
A six horse team  
On a wild west stage;  
A man in tights  
In a lion's cage;  
The negro, "Minstrels,"  
Sing a song  
And then the camel  
Comes along.  
Last of all,  
The farmer band:  
Then we go to the  
Peanut stand.  
We buy some yellow  
Lemonade,  
And that's the last  
Of the circus parade.

## THE BUTCHER

The butcher has a warty nose,  
And says, "Now, don't you fret;  
You'll grow to be a working-man,  
Before your Mother, yet."

## RAINY DAYS

On rainy days I play inside,  
And get out my gray horse to ride.  
I fill up my big saddle-sack,  
And make a trip to town and back.  
I like a rainy day or two,  
For then my toys all seem like new;  
And no one says, "Now what's the mat-  
ter?"  
If I do make quite a clatter.

## MY BEAN

I hoed and raked the garden clean,  
Then covered up my Lima Bean,  
The sunlight came and then the rain  
And then the gentle sun again,—  
And after ages there was seen  
A tiny little bit of green;  
But that one bean must be a clown,  
For it came up, just upside down.

## THE WIND

It's hard for me to figure out,  
When all the leaves are blown about;  
Just where the summer wind is from,  
For I can't see it go and come.  
It helps the birds upon their way  
And moves the ships upon the bay:  
It puts a kiss upon my cheek,  
And makes the waves upon the creek.  
I hope someday to understand  
Why wind blows over sea and land.

## GIRLS

Girls are funny folks  
By Gosh!  
'Most everything they say  
Is Bosh;  
But yet in spite of  
This and that,  
I'm always glad to tip  
My hat.

## A VOICE IN THE MORNING

A voice in the morning  
Singing to me!

A world round about,—yet  
Singing to me!

Beyond,—busy street and gathering  
throng,

But here,—Jenny Wren, with throat full  
of song,  
Sings for me!

A paean of joy,—of worshipful praise,  
A gladdening story of beautiful days,  
An urge to endeavor,—a challenge to try,  
When yellow-red dawning light fills up  
the sky.

Jenny Wren sings to me  
From her tree.

## TOMORROW

Upon the hill at evening,—  
A child is at my side:  
We look upon the western sky  
Where fleecy frigates ride.

I see a promised busy day,  
With goods and labor sold;  
She sees a land of fairy folk,  
Where clouds are tinted gold.





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